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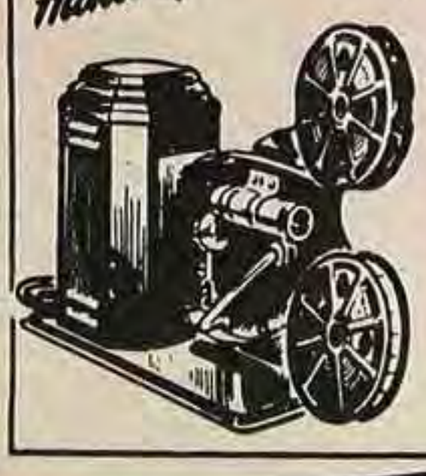
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SPARKY Watts

by Boody Rogers

SNIFF!

THIS IS **AWFUL!** I'M THE **LAST MAN ON EARTH**---I'M ALL ALONE---JUST ME. AND A **MILLION GIGANTIC GERMS!!**

SNIFF!

64.

THEY'VE **SMELLED ME**--IT'S JUST A MATTER OF MOMENTS BEFORE THEY **TRACE** THE **SCENT** TO MY HIDING PLACE----

SNIFF!

BIG SHOT

OOOOH----THEY'RE GONNA DIVIDE ME UP---OOUCH---
--OOOW.!!

W--WHAT'S WRONG!? COULD IT BE **POSSIBLE** THAT I DON'T **TASTE GOOD**-----**I HOPE, I HOPE, I HOPE.!!!**

OH, OH---NOW I UNDERSTAND.!! HERE COMES A **MOUTH** WITH A **HEAD ON IT**----HE MUST BE THE **KING GERM** AND THEY'RE **GIVING ME** TO HIM.!!

OOUMPH.! NO, I WAS WRONG----HE'S NOT A **MAN-EATING** GERM-----HE'S A **GERM-EATING GERM**---HE'S AFTER **THEM.!!**

BIG SHOT

I'D LOVE TO STAY AND WATCH THE **FEAST**--BUT I MIGHT END UP AS THE **DESSERT**!!

WELL---THIS STORE ESCAPED **COMPLETE RUIN** DURING THE BOMBING BLITZ---AND I COULD USE A NEW **OUTFIT**!!

I.J. TWEED, FIFTH AV

I HATE TO TAKE THINGS THAT DON'T **BELONG** TO ME---BUT SINCE I'M THE **ONLY MAN** ON EARTH I DON'T SUPPOSE **ANYONE** WILL MIND!

ALTERATIONS FREE

HMMM---NOT BAD! IT'S **SAD** THERE'S NO ONE TO ADMIRE ME IN THIS NEW SPLENDOR---***UGH***! **THOSE WHISKERS**!! I'VE GOT TO GET 'EM OFF!!

HERE'S WHAT'S LEFT OF A BARBER SHOP---AND THERE'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE **POOR BARBER** AND HIS **CUSTOMER**---THE GERMS ATE THEM RIGHT OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES!!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR---TRY QUICKLIME HAIR TONIC

THAT'S BETTER! NOW FOR A LITTLE HIGH-POWERED SWEET SMELLING STUFF---THERE'S NO ONE TO COMPLAIN IF I DO **SMELL** LIKE A **FLOWER SHOW**!!

BIG SHOT

NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND AN AUTO AGENCY THAT HASN'T BEEN WRECKED I'LL SELECT A **NEW MODEL**---I GUESS I'M **FIRST** ON THE **LIST**!

OOPS! A **BANK**.!!

BANK

I DON'T HAVE AN ACCOUNT HERE--BUT MAYBE I CAN GET A **SMALL LOAN**!

MR. SMITH

MR. ROSS

MONEY! ***MONEY***!! TONS OF IT-----AND IT'S **ALL MINE**!!!

BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT!? I COULDN'T BUY THE **MUSTARD** ON A **NICKLE** HAMBURGER---- ---THERE'S NO ONE TO SPREAD IT---BESIDES, ALL OF THE MUSTARD AND BURGERS **BELONG** TO **ME**.!!

I OWN ***EVERYTHING*** THAT'S **LEFT** IN THE **WORLD**! ALL THE BOATS AND TRAINS---TRUCKS-- --FARMS--THEATRES---SODA FOUNTAINS---JEWELS---- HOTELS--GUM MACHINES-- COMIC BOOKS---

BIG SHOT

I'M THE **PRESIDENT** OF THE **UNITED STATES**---AND VICE-PRESIDENT---I'M THE SUPREME COURT, THE CONGRESS, THE ARMY CHIEF-OF-STAFF, THE NAVY--- ***I'M EVERYTHING--***

SODA

CANDY

I OWN THE WORLD---I'M TH' BOSS---I'M---
--I'M---

---I'M LONESOME--
SOB--SOB--

SIXTH AVE

IF ONLY **ONE** OTHER PERSON HAD BEEN LEFT IN THE WORLD---- SOME MAN----OR BETTER STILL---- SOME GIRL----

USE O'BOY SOAP

I WOULDN'T CARE IF SHE WAS **TALL** OR **SHORT** OR **SKINNY** OR **FAT** OR **KNOCK-KNEED!** IT WOULDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHETHER SHE WAS **BLONDE, BRUNETTE, RED** OR EVEN **BALD----**

---IN FACT, I WOULDN'T CARE IF SHE LOOKED LIKE THE **BOTTOM** OF A **PICKLE-VAT----**TO ME SHE'D BE THE MOST **BEAUTIFUL CREATURE** WHO EVER WALKED THE EARTH **!!**

BIG SHOT

BUT WHY **DREAM** OF THE **IMPOSSIBLE!** NO OTHER HUMAN COULD BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LIVE THROUGH THE MONTHS OF **BOMBING** AND **MAN-EATING GERMS** THAT SOME MANIAC TURNED LOOSE ON THE WORLD.!!

ELECT TOMMY HIGLEY, THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

GULP---I HEAR ONE OF THE **GERMS** NOW------AND I REFUSE TO RUN ANY MORE---I MIGHT AS WELL **DIE FIGHTING** AS FROM **LONESOMENESS!**

TROMP! TROMP!

WELL, THIS IS ONE GERM THAT WON'T HAVE THE **HONOR** OF **DINING** ON THE LAST MAN ON EARTH!!

I'LL USE THIS PIECE OF BROKEN PAVEMENT----*UMPH!* *GRUNT!* IT'S **HEAVIER** THAN A **TUB** OF **LEAD!!**

IT'S TOO DARK IN THERE TO SEE---BUT THE VARMINT IS STUMBLING THIS WAY---- ---I HOPE IT'S CRIPPLED SO I CAN KILL IT EASIER!

THE **INSTANT** I SEE ANY **PART** OF IT I'LL **SMASH DOWN** WITH THIS **CEMENT**--ALL I HOPE IS THAT I **CRUSH** ITS **UGLY SKULL!!**

NEXT ISSUE---*ADAM AND LITTLE EVA*---

BIG SHOT

DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

THANKS TO PA AND THE DUGANS MONEY A BUNCH OF OLD TIME VAUDEVILLE ACTORS GET A CHANCE TO MAKE A COMEBACK IN A PLAY CALLED "THE HAS-BEENS OF 1949"

WELL-HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE "ANGEL" OF A HIT, PA ?

OH I DUNNO, DIXIE — I WAS SO WORRIED FER A WHILE I'M JES GRATEFUL I GUESS-

THE REVIEWS ARE TERRIFIC ! — ONE WRITER SAYS - "THE HAS-BEENS OF 1949 CAN VERY EASILY GO INTO 1950-51 AND SO ON - AS THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A HAS-BEEN

WHO'LL TELL HIM ?

YOU'D BETTER DO THE TALKING

HELLO, TIM

GOOD MORNING, FELLAS ! — ???? — WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH YOU ??

WE'VE GOT SOME BAD NEWS, TIM

AW — COME ON IN AN' QUIT KIDDIN' —

BIG SHOT


THEM REVIEWS! WOW! LOOKS LIKE WE CAN SIT BACK NOW AND MAKE MONEY!
DAI


JUST A MOMENT, PA— SOMETHING IS WRONG
HUH?!


NOT WITH OUR SHOW?!
YEAH TH' SHOW


BUT OUR SHOW'S A HIT—WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
SURE IS!
TOO BIG A HIT

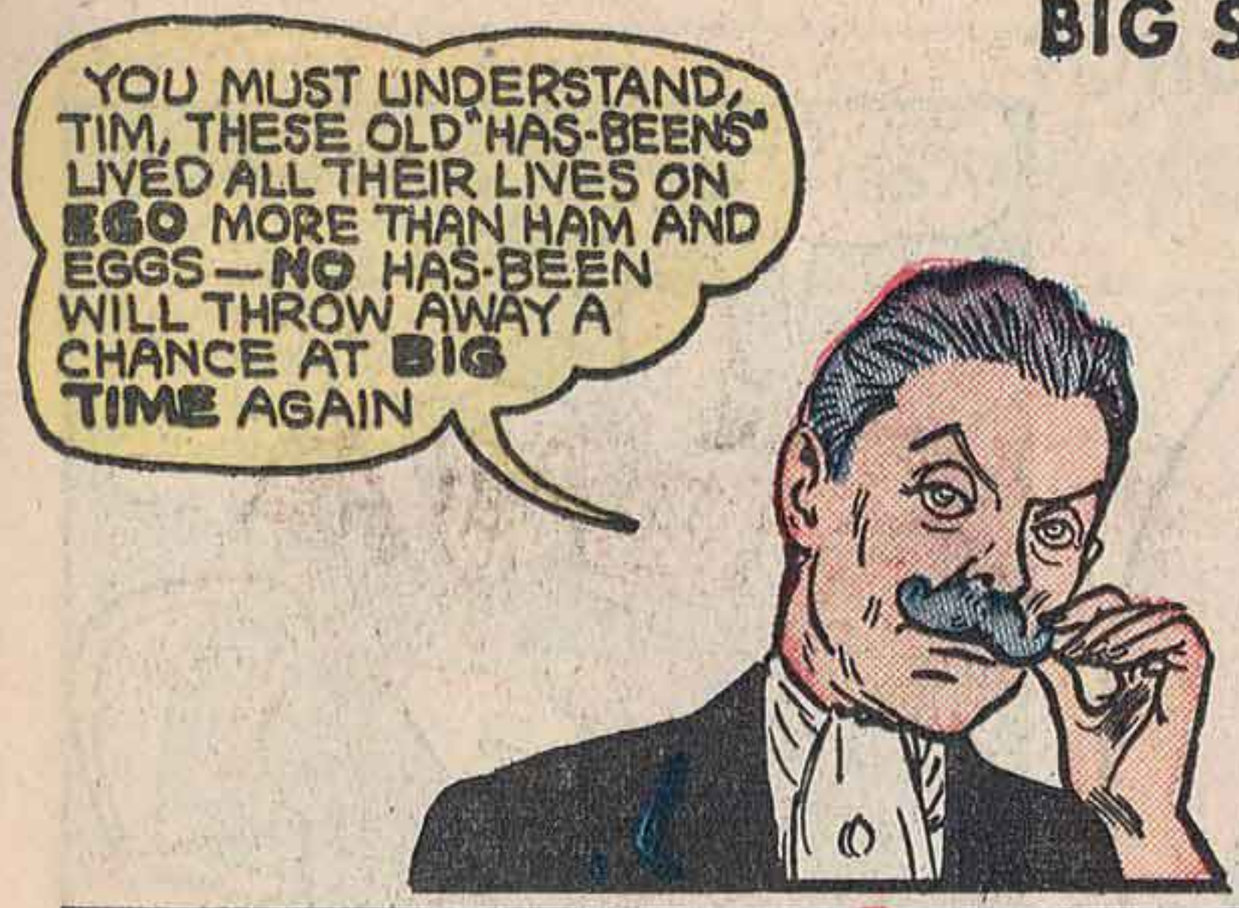

DIDN'T ALL THE ACTS CLICK?
SURE DID
TOO MUCH SO


WE'VE GOTTEN NOTICES FROM EVERY ONE OF 'EM - TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY WE HAVE TO CLOSE
BUT — BUT WHY? I DON'T UNDERSTAND —THIS IS WHAT THEY WANTED, ISN'T IT?


SURE IS!
AND THEY GOT IT, TOO — OFFERS FOR BROADWAY SHOWS, AND THEY TOOK 'EM TOO
OH


BUT THE "ACTS" ARE ALMOST SURE OF WORKING STEADY — DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO THEM?
SURE DOES
IN A WAY IT DOES

BIG SHOT

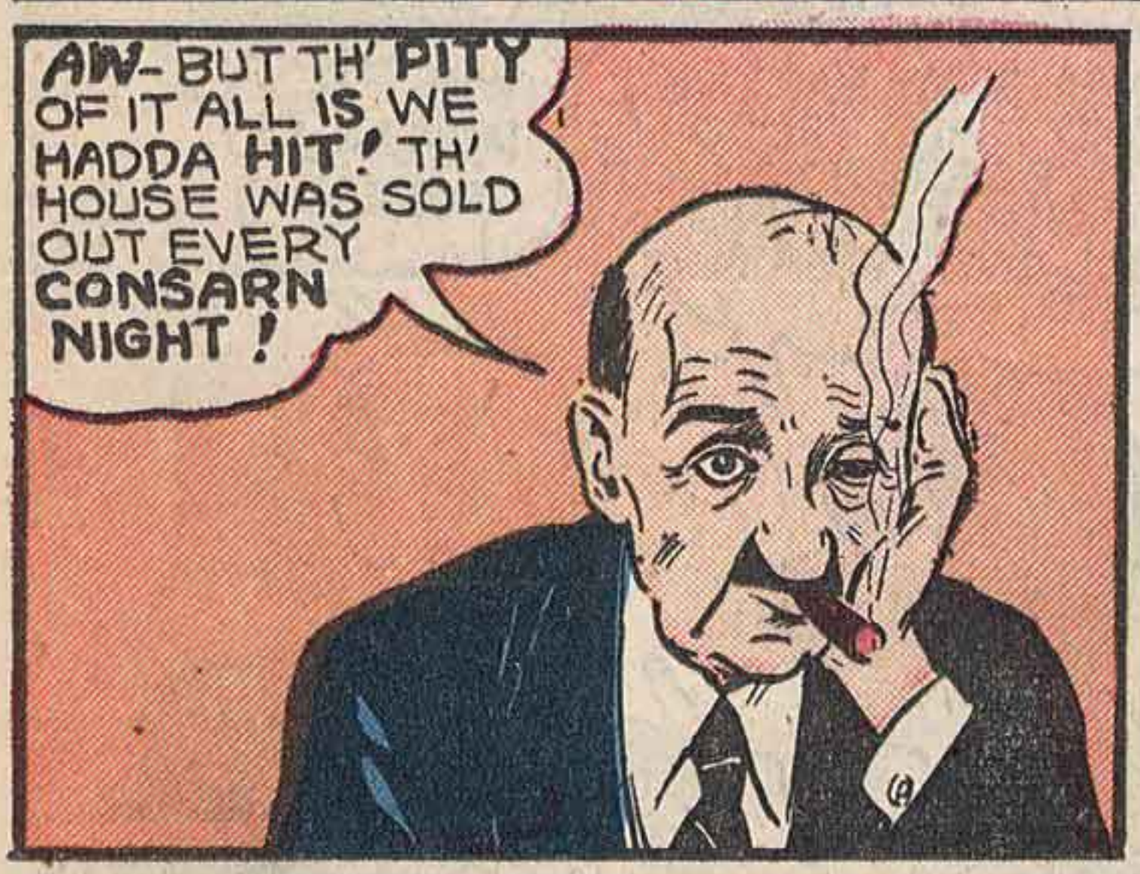






TWO WEEKS LATER











BIG SHOT


WELL-YOU DIDN'T MAKE A CENT!
SURE DIDN'T
??? H-HOW MUCH DID I LOSE THEN?


YOU DIDN'T LOSE A CENT EITHER
SURE DIDN'T
WHAT?? —WAIT— LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT-


HERE IT IS IN BLACK AND WHITE -YOU'VE GOTTEN BACK EXACTLY WHAT YOU INVESTED IN THE SHOW TO THE PENNY!
SURE DID
WHEW
THAT IS UNUSUAL!


SO YOU SEE, FINANCIALLY, YOU'RE RIGHT WHERE YOU STARTED
SURE ARE
IN A WAY I CALLS IT GOOD NEWS


I'VE GOT SOME MORE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU THEN - JUD BRADLEY BOUGHT THE RIGHTS TO "HAS-BEENS OF 1949"
SURE DID
YEAH?


WHILE MY PARTNER AND I ARE TRODDING THE BOARDS YOU ARE TO START CASTING ALL OVER AGAIN AND ——
ME ?? — WHOA! NIX!


I'M STICKING TO THE AFFAIRS OF "DUGAN DRESSES, INC." - I'M LUCKY I DIDN'T LOSE MY SHIRT!
OUR SHIRT


WELL, AT LEAST 'ANGEL' PA DIDN'T GET HIS WINGS CLIPPED

BIG SHOT

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard











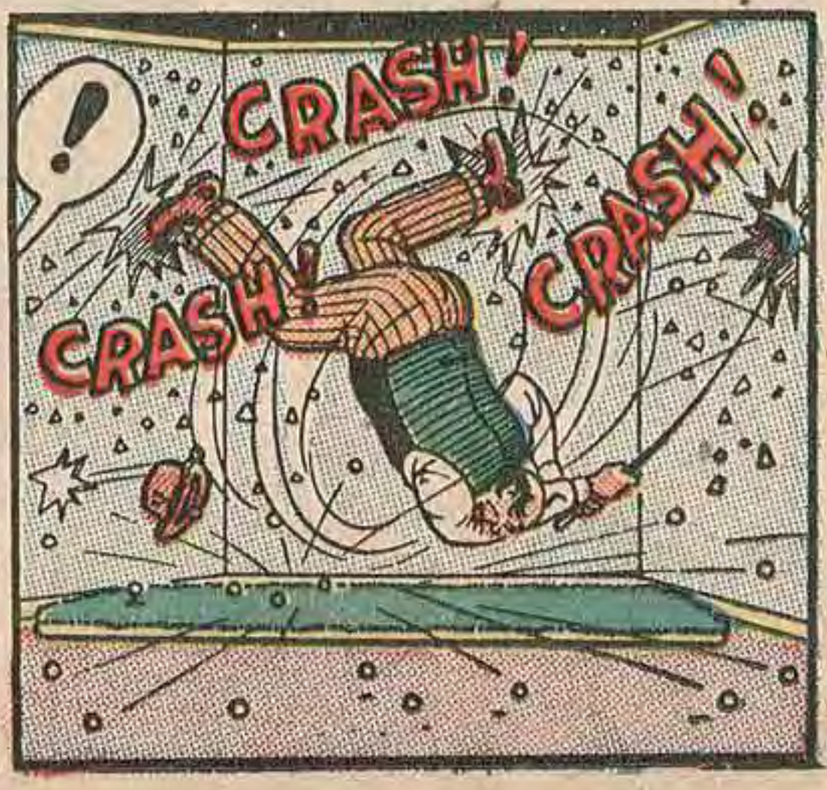














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MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

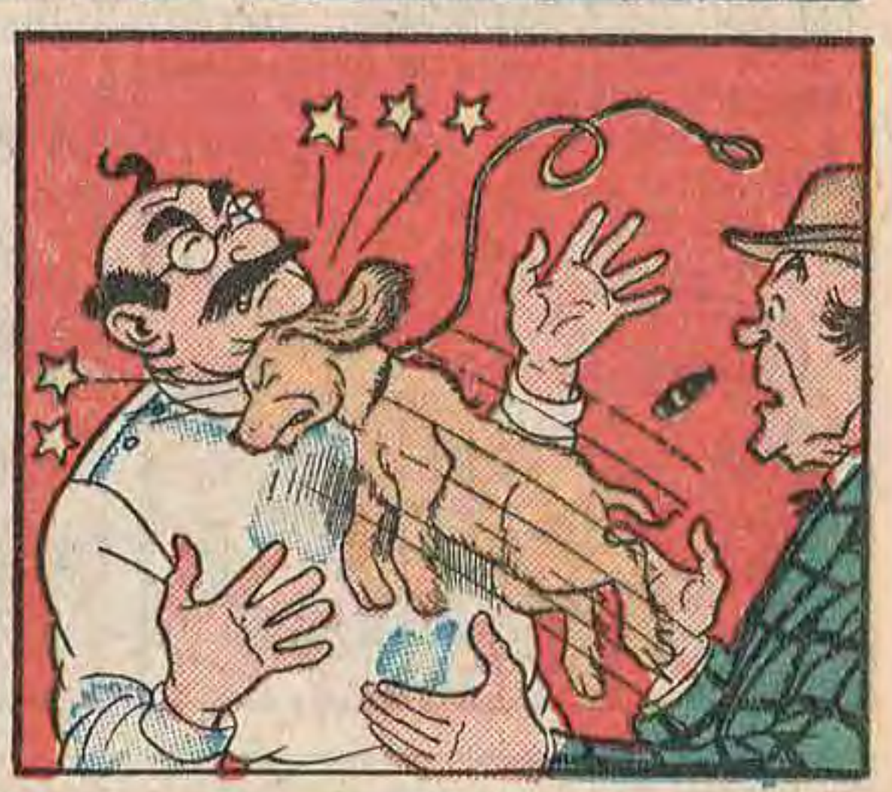






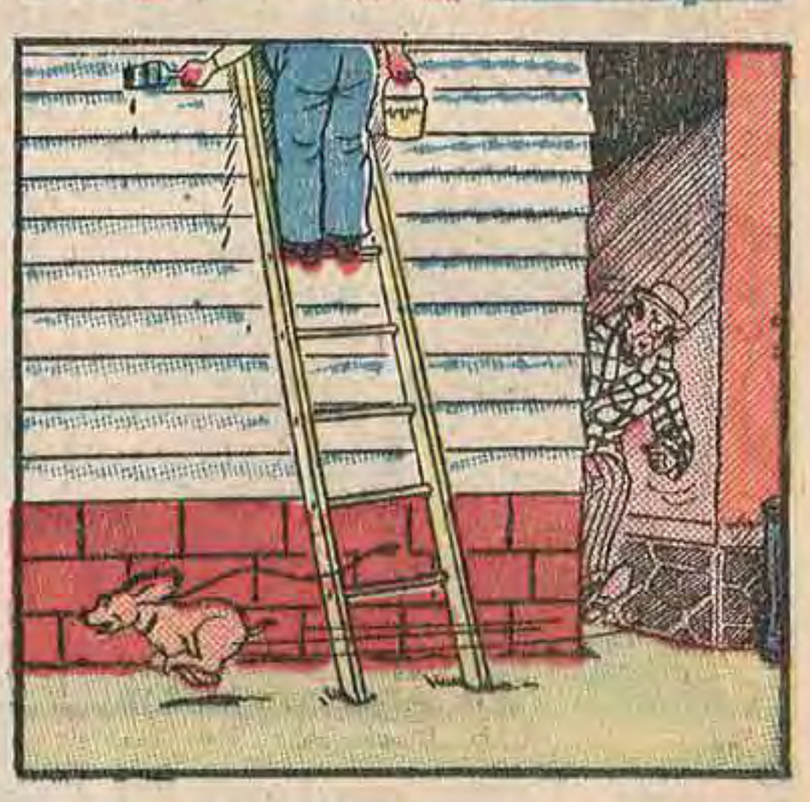


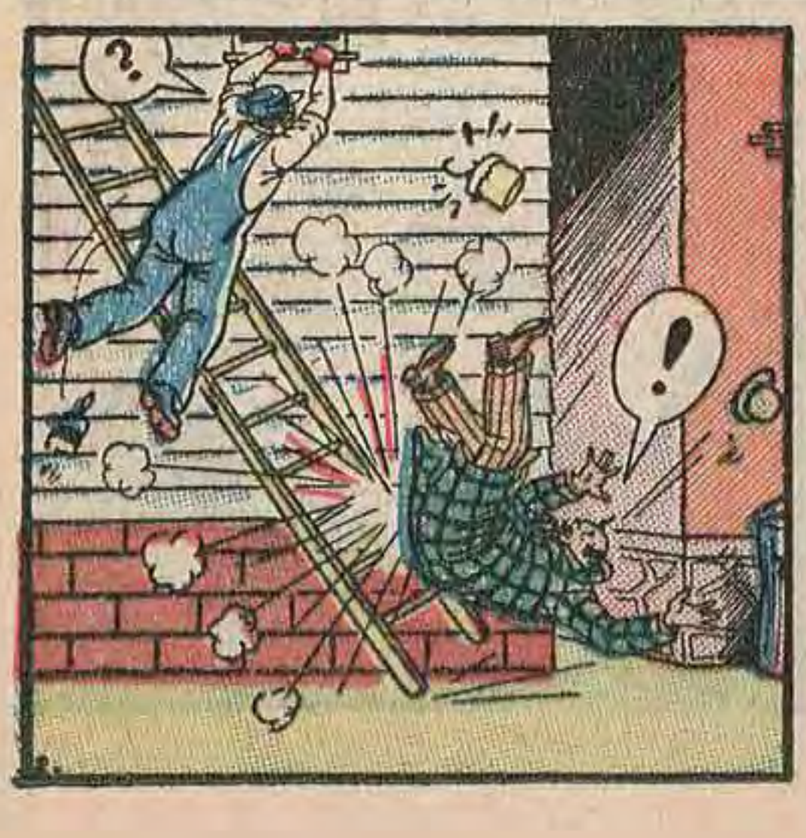
















BIG SHOT

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard









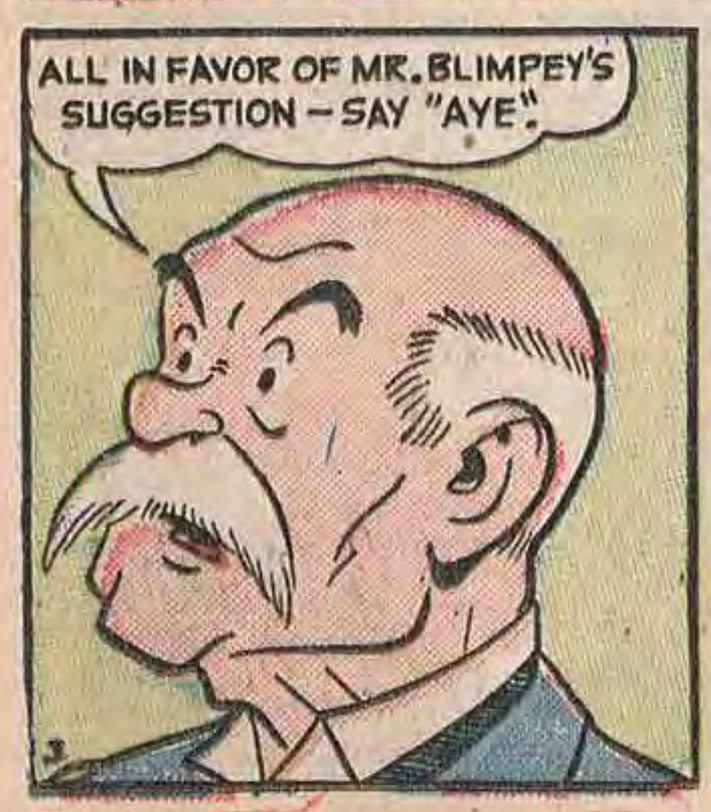




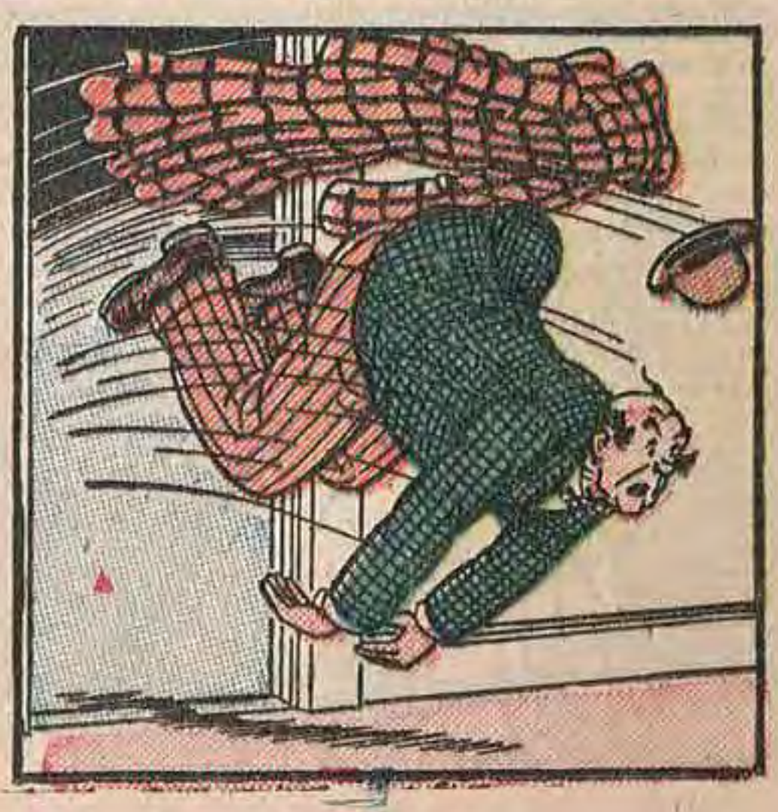








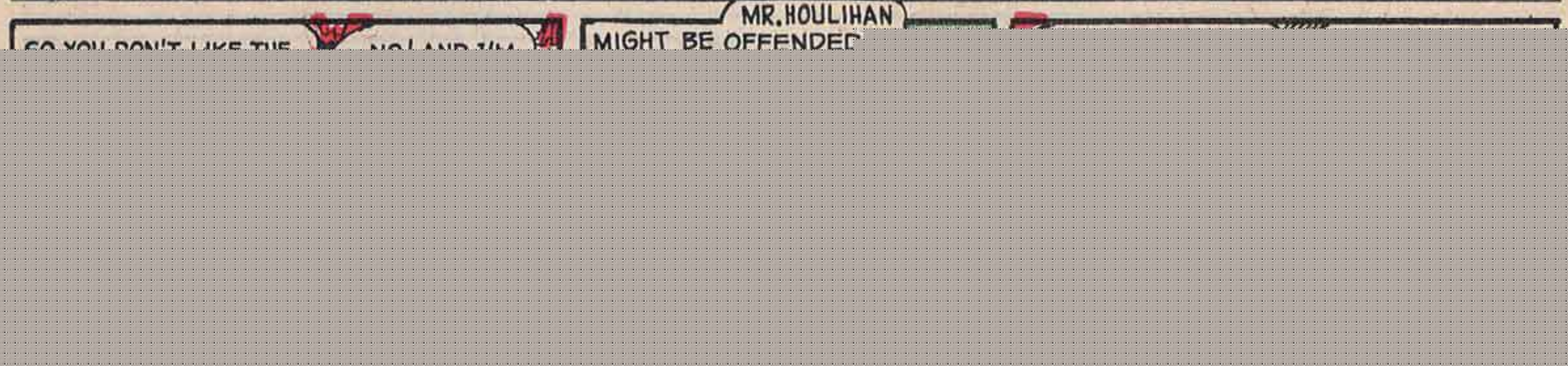




BIG SHOT

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



SMACK!

AT LEAST THE CARPET IS IN ONE PIECE!

I'LL TIDY UP A BIT BEFORE HE COMES TO.!

WHAT A DREAM! FLYING CARPETS! HAHAHAHA!

RING!

HELLO, OPERATOR?... YOU HAVE A LONG DISTANCE CALL FOR ME FROM SOUTH AFRICA ...SOMEBODY NAMED GRANDMA KNUCKLES??

WITH THE PRICE OF USED CARS SO HIGH, I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MY FLYING CARPET!

Diamonds and Stuff

By MART BAILEY

THE DARKENED HALL was still wincing from the pistol shot and the mysterious gong that had sounded when Randolph the butler leaned across the balustrade and belted one of the housebreakers over the noggin with the spiked mace. Randolph, feeling like a chivalrous knight who has the upper hand in a Sir Walter Scott novel, was about to rush downstairs to administer the coup-de-grace. And then Don Gilholy, the broadway columnist and Randolph's second-in-command, recognized the yelp of one of the housebreakers.

"It's Jack Beerymore!" he shrieked, breaking ranks and dashing away to turn his bedroom into a fox-hole.

Randolph sighed. So the housebreakers weren't housebreakers, after all! He switched on the hall lights, and staggered back, his eyes bulging with astonishment at sight of the two strange creatures that squatted crazily at the foot of the staircase.

"Who — who is it?" he quavered. But even as he asked, a sense kindred to a mother's intuition told him that the Russian Grand Duke with the red whiskers and the carrot head was his employer, George Oswald Bumpy; and a cold shudder swept through him as he saw the winged helmet which lay in Bumpy's lap. The great dent in the crown of the helmet accounted for the mysterious gong that had filled the hall and was a tribute to Randolph's unerring marksmanship with the spiked mace.

"It's us," admitted Whiskers-in-the-zebra-striped-undershirt, whom the butler recognized without difficulty as Jack Beerymore, the actor.

Good Old Bumpy opened his glazed eyes, and fluttered the lids to make sure they were in good working order. He fingered his head, lightly, tentatively; winced, and lowered his hand.

"Hello, Randolph," he said. "Thanks for getting that iron hat off my head. Couldn't get it off myself. Stuck." He was disposed to say more on the subject, but Jack Beerymore interrupted.

"The necklace! Beatrice's diamond necklace!" The actor smote his forehead.

"What about the necklace?" murmured Good Old Bumpy. He was vacantly staring at the spike-studded mace and being grateful that he hadn't been able to remove the helmet before.

"We forgot the necklace," replied the actor. "We left it back at the rooming house on West Ache Street in our hurry to get away from Butsy Ratsoff and his mob."

"Well?" said Good Old Bumpy, who disliked being bothered by small talk.

"Well," demanded Jack Beerymore, "what are *you* going to do?"

"Do?" echoed Good Old Bumpy. "I'm going to make a phone call."

DON GILHOLY, the Broadway columnist, had spent nearly three days in a barricaded room, quaking with the knowledge that his would-be assassin was lodged under the same roof. During this period he had conversed with no living soul; he had almost forgotten what food was, and he doubted whether he'd recognize a cigaret if he saw one. He had even neglected his column, preferring the wrath of his syndicate to the fusillade of bullets he was certain would greet him if he ever opened the bedroom door.

So at the end of the third day he was in the mood of the worm who turned. His spirit rebelled against this enforced exile. He was not a natural coward, he would have told you, being merely cautious where bullets were concerned; and now starvation and solitary confinement had utterly demolished this caution. He was indeed Mr. Worm in revolt.

Arming himself with the leg of a chair, he dragged the furniture away from the door and stole into the hall.

Downstairs he crept without a sound, and there he halted indecisively.

In the parlor were two strangers. One, a one-legged seaman in a short jacket and walrus moustache, was stumping up and down, talking incoherently of diamond necklaces; while the other, apparently a man of mystery, since he wore the traditional crimson-lined cape and silk topper, was permitting Randolph the butler to brush his red beard.

"'Lo, Donny-boy," said the Man of Mystery with a pleasant nod.

"Eh?" answered Don, bewildered.

"I want to apologize," said the seaman, hobbling over to him, hand outstretched. "Can you ever forgive me for taking that pot-shot at you?" The voice was Jack Beerymore's, but the evilly twisted face bore no resemblance to the actor's classic features.

"What are you dressed like that for?" Don

heard himself inquire as he automatically pumped the extended hand.

"We're going after diamonds," replied the seaman, withdrawing his clammy hand.

The next moment the one-legged seaman and the Man of Mystery had left the house, the front door slamming after them; and Don Gilholy turned to Randolph for an explanation.

"It's all very simple, sir," the butler answered. "Mr. Beerymore had to leave his lodging house rather hurriedly the other night, and in his haste left behind a priceless diamond necklace belonging to a young person named Beatrice Thornrose. The circumstances which forced his unceremonious departure make it impossible for Mr. Beerymore to return to the lodging house except in disguise. Mr. Bumpy is accompanying him somewhat reluctantly, because the whole affair is mixed up with gangsters and what not. . . . Begging your pardon, sir, are you ill?"

FREDERIC BONS, Jack Beerymore's understudy and now star of *The Duke's Study* during the inexplicable absence of the popular actor, was waging a determined assault upon the heart of Beatrice Thornrose. It is not often that one meets a goddess with the combined charms of beauty and wealth, and Frederic was making the most of his opportunities.

So, at about the time when Don Gilholy broke from his exile, Frederic and Beatrice stepped into a hired limousine, and Frederic royally bade the chauffeur to drive whither his heart desired for the next few hours.

Given a *carte blanche,* the chauffeur succumbed to nostalgia and decided to cruise through the old neighborhood where he had spent his boyhood dodging the truant officer. This had not quite the proper romantic background, but Frederic did not notice, so intent was his contemplation of the radiant goddess who sat beside him.

Physically, Frederic was the counterpart of Jack Beerymore, and during his years as understudy he had acquired most of Jack's mannerisms. But, after all, he was a counterpart vastly inferior to the original. He lacked that indefinable something which makes genius. At least, Jack Beerymore said so.

Beatrice, exquisitely regal, with hair like platinum, reclined against the luxurious cushions of the limousine, while Frederic, handsome in evening clothes and topper, held her bejeweled hand.

"I wonder where Jack is?" said Beatrice suddenly.

It was a jarring note to introduce into the conversation, this reference to an absent rival, but Frederic turned it to his advantage. "I shall be indebted to him always for leaving the play," he whispered. "It gives me the privilege of holding your hand at the end of act three every night and on Wednesday matinees."

A little frown puckered the girl's beautiful forehead.

"I wish I knew where he is," she muttered pettishly.

Again the jarring note, but again Frederic lightly turned it to his advantage. "Let us forget Jack Beerymore. He probably quit because he is jealous of your superior acting."

Beatrice shook her lovely head. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you," she said, in a tone indicating that nothing could stop her from telling him. "But the evening before Jack disappeared I gave him a priceless diamond necklace to be repaired."

Frederic pursed his delicately moustached mouth and whistled. "You mean you think Jack absconded with the loot?"

Beatrice nodded sadly, as if she did not want to think evil of anyone but was going to make an exception in the case of Jack Beerymore.

With an effort Frederic preserved an expression of utmost sympathy. "I've always suspected that scoundrel of being a scoundrel," he snorted, patting her hand and mentally estimating that the diamond dinner ring on her third finger was worth at least fifteen thousand.

Beatrice smiled wanly, as if pleased to know there was one righteous man in the world. She returned the pressure of his fingertips with hers.

Frederic recognized this as an ideal moment to make a proposal of marriage, and he realized that there were chumps who would have seized upon it. Instead, he contented himself by merely shaking his head in token of his dismay that Beatrice should have been victimized by such a lout.

As he was thus sluing his head idiotically, and revising his valuation of Beatrice's dinner ring on the second thought that a pawnbroker would probably only shell out six thousand dollars for the thing, his eyes rested on two strange figures who had just alighted from a taxi and were stumping along the opposite side of the street.

Following their movements through the rear-view window, Frederic wondered where he had seen those odd fellows before. He was still cudgelling his wits for the next half mile, when he remembered.

"They were Jack Beerymore!" he told Beatrice. "I'd recognize those costumes anywhere. He wore one of them in *The Tidewater Terror,* and the other in *Cloak and Topper."*

Beatrice started to protest that something was wrong with her companion's grammar or his eyesight. How could there be *two* Jack Beerymores walking down the street together? But Frederic had already leaned forward and shaken the brooding chauffeur.

"Turn back to 711 West Ache Street," he blurted. "And pick up the first policeman we meet!"

BIG SHOT

The SKYMAN

By Ogden Whitney

OH-OH, BACKFIRE! LOOKS LIKE MY CAR DEALER, THE "SMIRKING SCOTCH-MAN," DEALT ME A LEMON OF A LIMOUSINE!

BANG BANG

OWN A DREAM HOME! READY FOR IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY!

BETTER BEAR DOWN ON THE BRAKES AND CHECK YOUR EXHAUST BEFORE YOU START BERATING YOUR BENEVOLENT CAR DEALER, ALLAN ---- FOR THAT BACKFIRE HAPPENS TO BE BURSTING FROM THE BARREL OF A PISTOL!

JUST COME BUSTING IN HERE ONCE MORE, YOU BLUBBERING BUZZARD -- I DARE YOU!!

BANG BANG

EGAD -- IT'S MURDER, I SAY! IT'S COTTEN SO THAT THE LIFE OF A LAW ABIDING LAND-LORD IS LITERALLY WORTHLESS! (PUFF)

EASY DOES IT, POP! NOW WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

BIG SHOT

SYLVESTER STUCCO'S THE NAME, BUILDER OF THOSE DELIGHTFUL DREAM HOMES, ONE OF WHICH IS OCCUPIED BY AN OBVIOUSLY DERANGED WAR VETERAN!

IN OTHER WORDS, INSTEAD OF COLLECTING THE RENT YOU ALMOST COLLECTED YOUR LEASE IN LEAD, EH?

EXACTLY! FAR BE IT FROM ME TO BE SEVERE WITH A FORMER SOLDIER, BUT AFTER ALL A GUN IS CARRYING THINGS A BIT FAR!

OKAY, POP, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN EFFECT A TRUCE!

NOW LOOK, FELLER, YOUR SHOOTING LICENSE LAPSED WHEN YOU LATCHED THAT DISCHARGE BUTTON TO YOUR LAPEL AND--OH-OH!!

I'M--I'M SORRY! I HAD NO IDEA--

NO IDEA THAT ARMY W.A.C.S EVER GOT WOUNDED? I'M SURE THAT MR. STUCCO FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT--- HE ALWAYS FORGETS **HALF** THE STORY!

HE FORGOT TO TELL **ME** THAT THE WALLS AND FLOORS OF THIS "DREAM HOUSE" WERE PRACTICALLY MADE OF CARDBOARD!

I-I'VE TRIED TO CONTACT THE BUILDING COMMISSIONER BUT-BUT I CAN'T GET AROUND VERY WELL!

MAYBE I CAN SORT OF GET AROUND FOR YOU! MEANWHILE, YOU'D BETTER LET ME TAKE **THIS!**

BIG SHOT

ONCE I PASS THIS SWINDLE STORY ON TO COMMISSIONER CHANDLER, STUCCO WILL HAVE PLENTY-- HMMM, **WHERE IS STUCCO?**

OWN A HOM
READY IMMED
OCCUP Y!

AS ALLAN TURNER DRIVES OFF, THE WHEREABOUTS OF SYLVESTER STUCCO BECOME APPARENT....

THANKS, MY FOOLISH FRIEND FOR DOING AWAY WITH MISS CLARKSON'S GUN! NOW- HEH- TO DO AWAY WITH MISS CLARKSON!

Y-YOU?? GET OUT! YOU'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER PAYMENT ON THIS PASTEBOX PALACE FROM ME!

THIS PAYMENT'S ON **ME**, MY DEAR! A FINAL ONE-- DOWN IN THE CELLAR!

CAN'T YOU JUST PICTURE THE NEWS STORY, MISS CLARKSON? "DISABLED GIRL VICTIM OF ACCIDENT AS CELLAR **WATER PIPE BURSTS!**"

INFERIOR PLUMBING CRUMBLES VERY CONVENIENTLY, MY DEAR!

NO! PLEASE, MR. STUCCO-- **NO-O!**

AN HOUR LATER, AS ALLAN ENTERS THE OFFICES OF THE BUILDING COMMISSIONER....

I'M SOR-RY, BUT UNLESS YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT--

SAVE THE RED TAPE TO TIE UP YOUR TITIAN TRESSES WITH!

RIVATE

BIG SHOT

I'M SORRY TURNER, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST COMPLAINT WE'VE HAD AGAINST STUCCO, BUT WE MUST HAVE PROOF OF DELIBERATE **FRAUD**! MERE EVIDENCE OF, AH -- CARELESSNESS WON'T STICK!

LOOKS LIKE STUCCO'S GOT ME STUMPED!

GOT A REPORT OF A BUSTED WATER MAIN OVER AT THE LIBERTY LANE PROJECT, PETE!

TOO BUSY TO CHECK ON IT THIS MOMENT!

LIBERTY LANE! THAT'S AT CATHY CLARKSON'S PLACE!

MINUTES LATER...

HELLO -- DIDN'T REALIZE I'D HAVE TO PASS THE SKYDROME TO REACH STUCCO'S PROJECT! LOOKS LIKE THIS BUGGY'S GOING TO HAVE TO BOW OUT FOR THE **WING**!

BOARDING THE WING, ALLAN TURNER, AS THE SKYMAN, SOARS SKYWARD. DESTINATION?

--STUCCO'S COLONY OF COLLAPSIBLE COTTAGES....

HEY-Y---! THAT'S THE SKYMAN!

REPAIRIN' WATER MAINS AIN'T HIS RACKET! SOMETHIN' ELSE MUST BE UP AROUND HERE!

BIG SHOT

HM-M, I EXPECTED TO FIND THIS RAT-TRAP RIDING A FLOOD LIKE A BATTERED NOAH'S ARK! GUESS CATHY MADE IT SAFELY OUT OF HERE!

BETTER CHECK THE CELLAR JUST FOR LUCK! THOUGH CHANCES ARE SLIM THAT SHE COULD'VE GOTTEN DOWN THERE IN A WHEELCHAIR!

GOOD GRIEF!!

STUCCO --TR-- TRIED TO D-DROWN ME..

NO TIME TO TALK! THAT HOLLOW SHELL FOUNDATION'S STARTING TO GO FAST!

GOT ENOUGH TO HANG STUCCO --- IF THIS HOUSE DOESN'T "HANG ONE" ON US FIRST!

CLOSE -- VERY CLOSE!

CRAA-AASH-H

BIG SHOT

FUNNY, BUT YOU'RE THE SECOND KNIGHT IN ARMOR I'VE MET TODAY! EARLIER IT WAS A FELLA' NAMED TURNER!

TURNER? NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR, BUT I CAN'T PLACE THE FACE!

AT THE MOMENT I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN COMING FACE TO FACE WITH SYLVESTER STUCCO!

HIS ESTATE IS OUT NEAR THE HILLSIDE SECTOR!

FINALLY...

WELL, WELL; THERE'S STUCCO --- SUNNING HIMSELF BETWEEN SWINDLES!

EGAD!

YOU CAN DROP THAT BLUEPRINT, STUCCO! I'VE GOT YOUR FUTURE PLANNED TO PERFECTION!

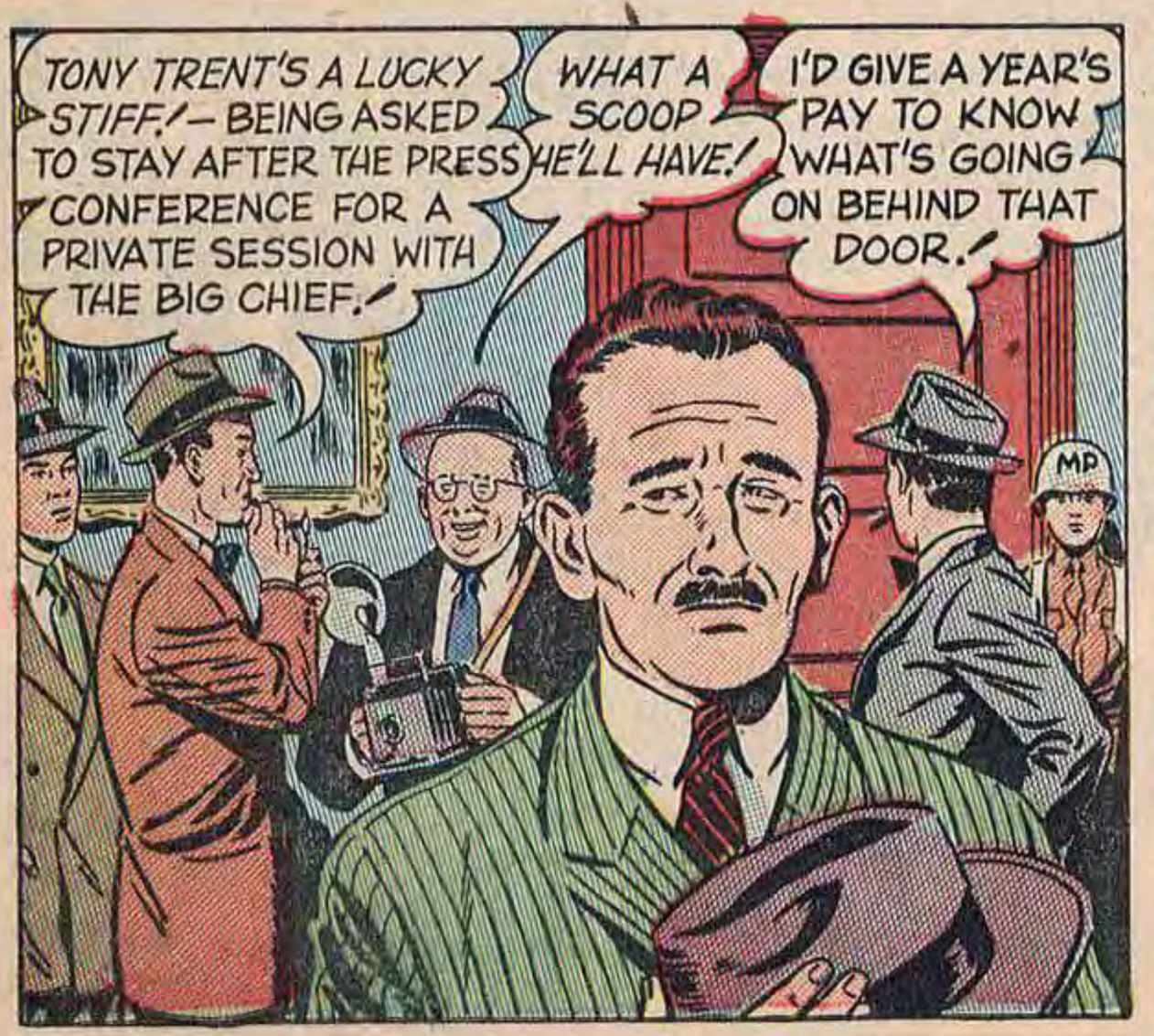
I'VE GOT A FRIEND FAWN, WHO'LL PUT YOU UP TEMPORARILY CATHY! AS FOR STUCCO, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE GETS PUT UP PERMANENTLY -- WHERE CONCRETE WALLS **NEVER CRUMBLE!**

BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY

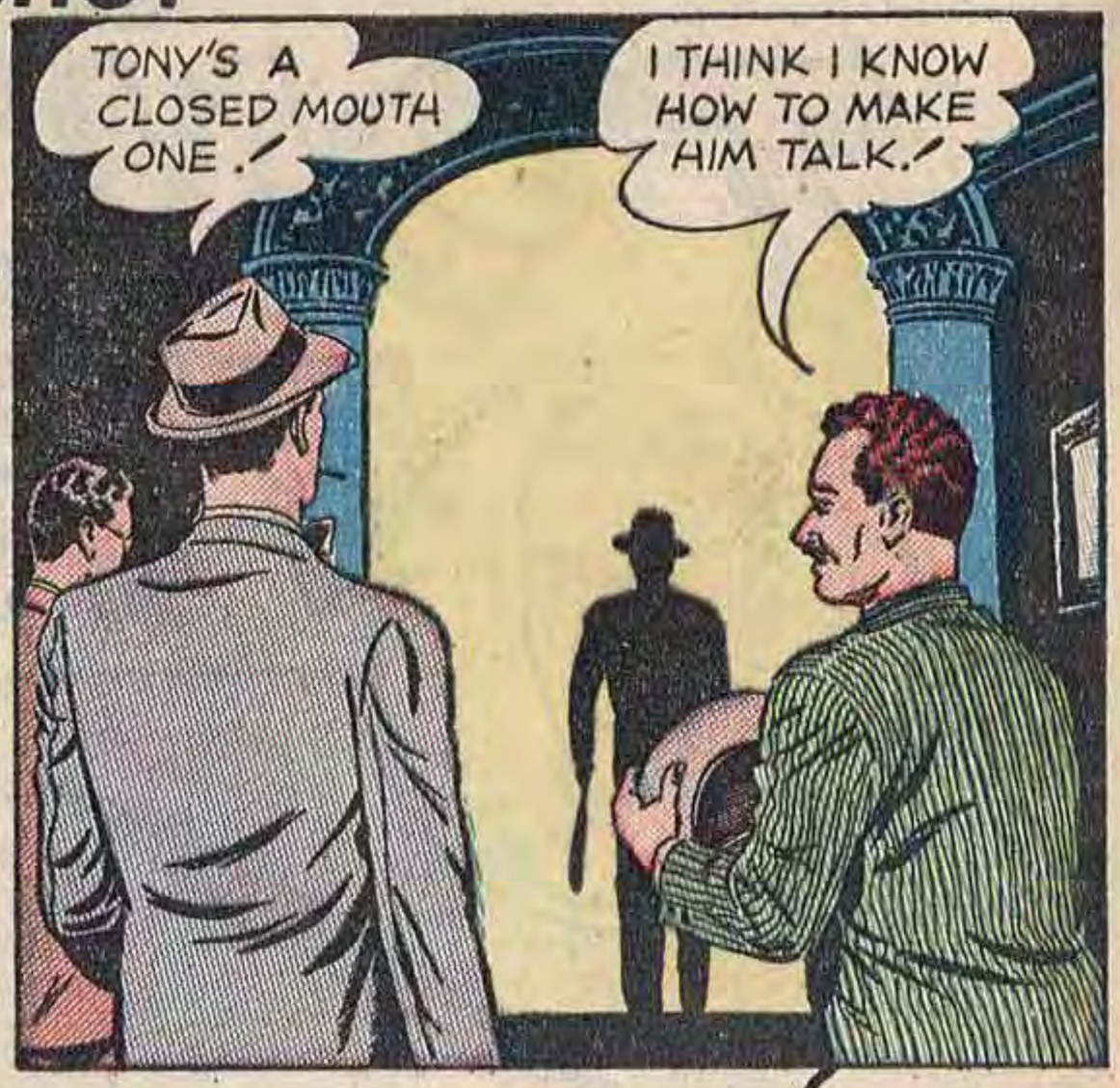






BIG SHOT


TONY, WHAT WENT ON BETWEEN YOU AND THE CHIEF IN THAT ROOM?
SORRY, FELLOWS — I HAVEN'T TIME TO CHAT.!


TONY'S A CLOSED MOUTH ONE.!
I THINK I KNOW HOW TO MAKE HIM TALK.!

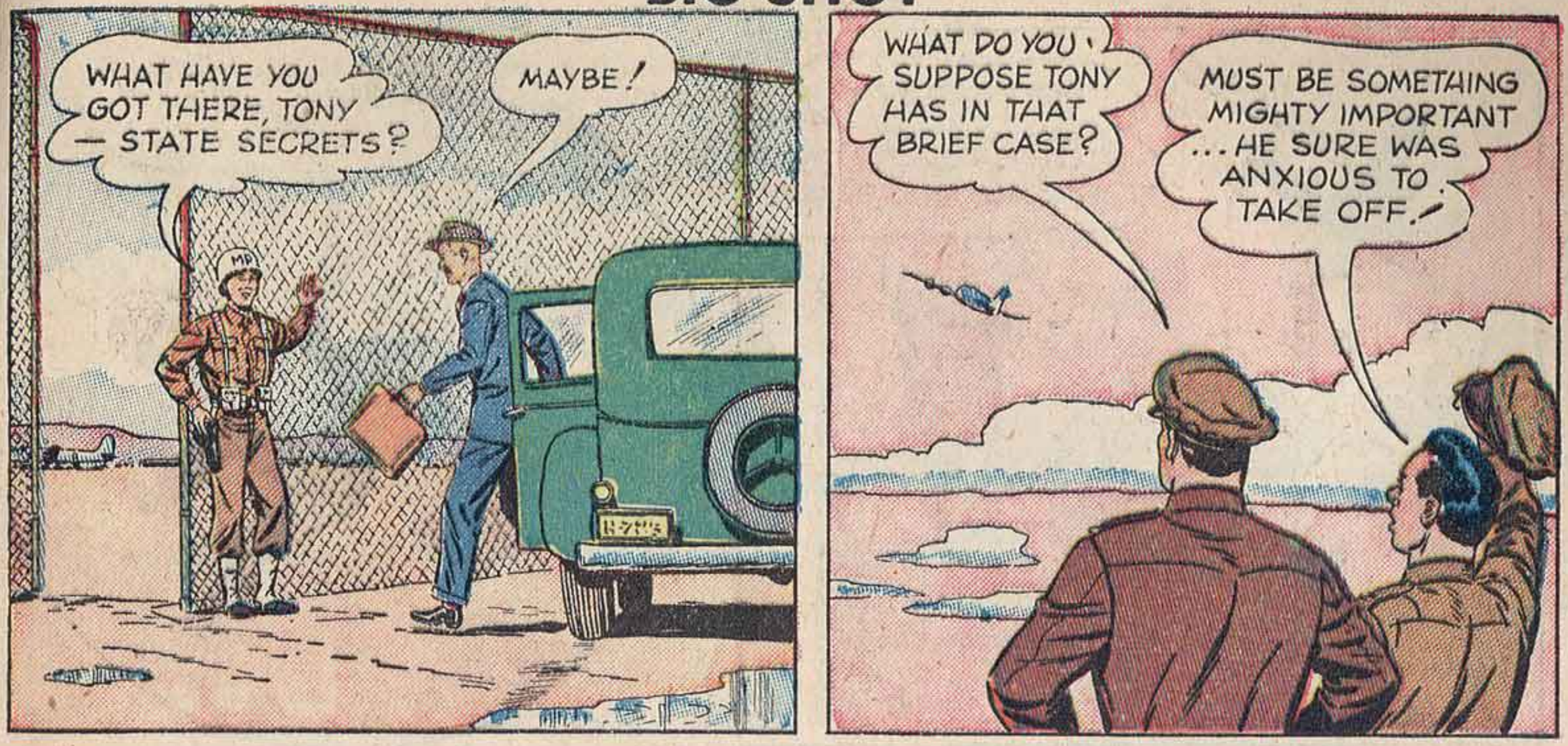

THE AIRPORT — HURRY, PLEASE.!
MISTER TRENT.! ONE MOMENT—


I'M SORRY—I REALLY HAVEN'T TIME TO TALK—
THEN —


I HAVEN'T TIME FOR THAT NONSENSE, EITHER!


WHAT HAPPENED? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WERE IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.!
SHUT UP.!... HAND ME THAT TELEPHONE.! I WANT TO CALL THE AIR COMMAND.!

BIG SHOT


WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, TONY — STATE SECRETS?
MAYBE!
MP
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE TONY HAS IN THAT BRIEF CASE?
MUST BE SOMETHING MIGHTY IMPORTANT ... HE SURE WAS ANXIOUS TO TAKE OFF!

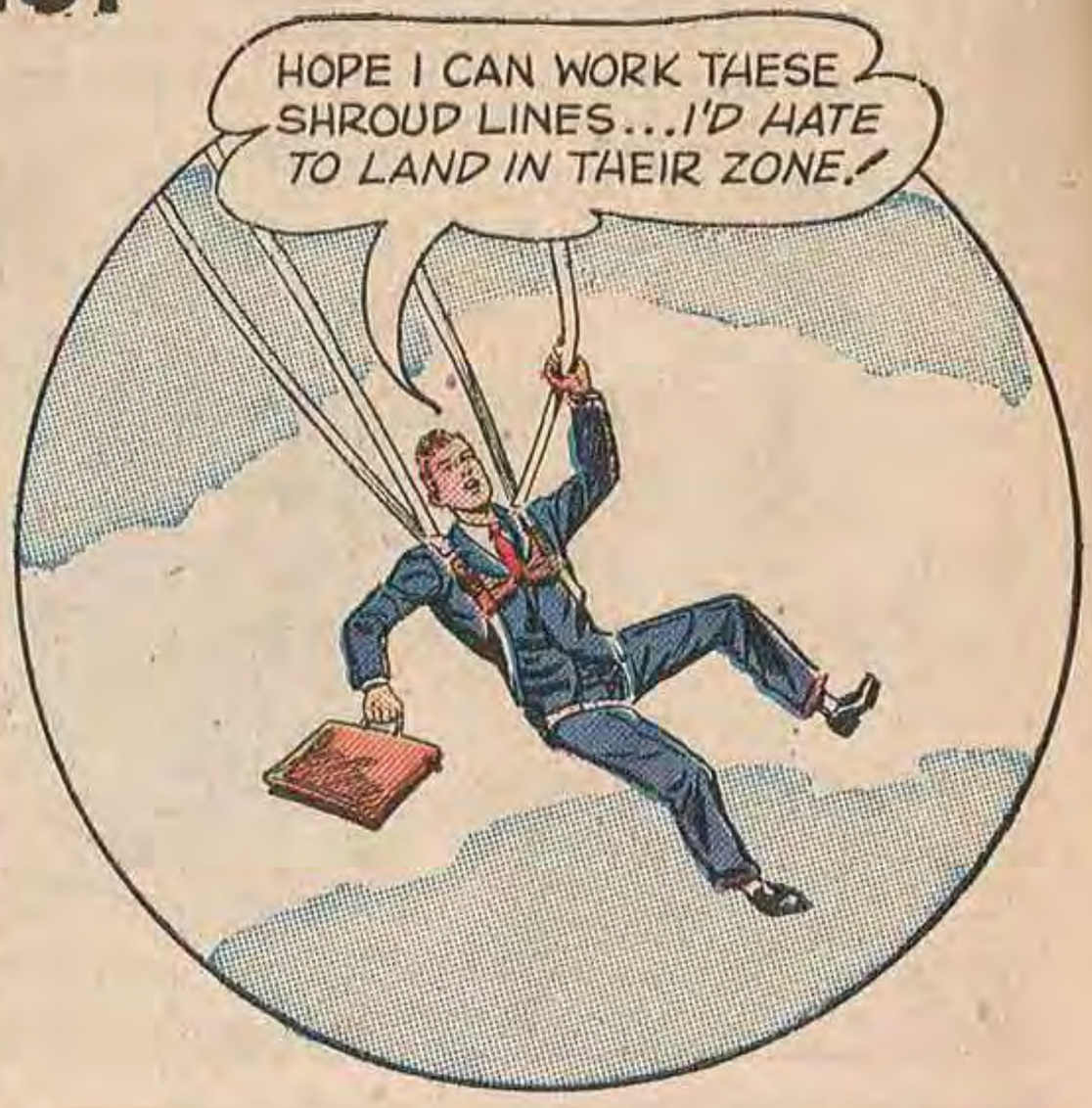

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO— BUT STOP THAT AIRPLANE!


HEY! FLAK! AND PRETTY CLOSE!
OH, THAT! YOU HAVE TO GET USED TO SUCH LITTLE ANNOYANCES ON THE AIR LIFT
THEY DO IT JUST TO DISCOURAGE US... THEY SAY THEY'RE ONLY PRACTISING!


THIS TIME THEY'RE NOT PRACTISING!

BIG SHOT


LUCKY THE ARMY INSISTS UPON HAVING PARACHUTES FOR ALL PASSENGERS!


HOPE I CAN WORK THESE SHROUD LINES... I'D HATE TO LAND IN THEIR ZONE!


OH-OH! LOOKS AS IF I DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT!


ROUND UP THOSE 'CHUTISTS — AND DON'T LET THE AMERICAN NEWSMAN ESCAPE!


HAVE TO SLIP OUT OF THE HARNESS BEFORE THE 'CHUTE DRAGS ME OFF THE ROOF!


AND I'D BETTER GET OFF THE ROOF WHILE I STILL CAN —
ZING!

BIG SHOT


SORRY TO DROP IN ON YOU FOLKS SO UNEXPECTEDLY.!


WE HAVE HIM TRAPPED IN THAT HOUSE —IF ONLY WE HAD MORE HELP.!
DO NOT WORRY— I AM STRONGEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT— I GO IN AFTER HIM, MYSELF ALONE.!


PLEASE GO AWAY.! IF THEY FIND YOU WITH US —
SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR — OPEN IT BEFORE HE BREAKS IT DOWN.!


WHERE IS HE?
DO YOU MEAN ME?


HUH?
YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS RIFLE ANYMORE.!


FOOL! DO YOU CHOOSE TO WRESTLE WITH ME?—THE CHAMPION OF THE WHOLE ARMY.!

BIG SHOT

WHY DID THOSE STUPID PEASANT SOLDIERS RUN OFF AND LEAVE ME WITH THAT BRAINLESS OX? ... WHAT IS KEEPING HIM?... DO I HAVE TO GO INTO THE HOUSE MYSELF?

AH, THERE YOU ARE! EXCELLENT! YOU GOT HIM AND HIS BRIEF CASE!

THAT'S RIGHT! DUMP HIM INTO THE CAR... WE'LL DRIVE TO MY OFFICE, WHERE I HAVE THE MEANS TO QUESTION HIM PROPERLY...

NO, CHUM! I THINK WE WILL DRIVE INTO THE AMERICAN ZONE INSTEAD, EH?

TONY TRENT!

NOW THAT WE'RE ON MY SIDE OF THE BORDER, MAY I ASK WHY YOU PUT YOURSELF TO SO MUCH TROUBLE ABOUT ME?

WHY, I WAS NATURALLY ANXIOUS TO SECURE FOR MY GOVERNMENT WHATEVER YOUR COUNTRY'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE IN EUROPE GAVE TO YOU IN THAT SECRET SESSION BEHIND CLOSED DOORS-

HAHA! YOU MEAN ALL THIS INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE WAS CAUSED BECAUSE THE CHIEF GAVE ME HIS OLD SOCKS FOR MY WIFE TO DARN!

The 97 lb. Weakling

Who Became "the World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"



"I'll Prove that YOU, too can be a NEW MAN!" — *Charles Atlas*

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered *"Dynamic Tension."* It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, *"Dynamic Tension,"* transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel — arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that *"Dynamic Tension"* is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about *"Dynamic Tension"* and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. *"Dynamic Tension"* does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of Title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my *"Dynamic Tension"* method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 329P, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me – give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
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